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PETIT SESSIONS SKETCH.

CASE OF ASSAULT AND BATTERY.

At the sessions of ———, a short time ago, Timothy, or Tim Reilly, (his grandfather had doffed the O,) appeared before the sitting magistrates, to prefer a charge of assault and battery against the pigs of his near neighbour, the widow Delany. The case, from its peculiarity, excited considerable interest among the "*neighbours*;" and the little court-house, adjoining the chief constable's house, was crowded to excess. Several of those important personages, familiarly designated "*peelers*," helped to fill it; and, in a corner, between a couple of them, Mr. Tim Reilly had placed himself.

The case being called on, Tim boldly stepped forward, and, in his best style, made his obeisance to the bench. It would require the pen of a Cervantes or a Scott to do justice to the description of Tim's person. He was fully six feet two in height, with arms, were they stretched, that would reach much below his knees; the latter, while he stood, appeared to commune with each other in the most friendly manner, but when he walked, they must have been at open war: his head was a little inclined to the right, as if the fall of some heavy matter upon it had given it a *friendly* twist; his nose was a caricature of the aquiline; and his mouth, extending from ear to ear, now made a terrible grimace, as seconding some violent motion of his arm, again relaxed into a condescending smile as he "*grinned complaisance*." On the whole, a figure so extraordinary was seldom beheld; and it was evident it required the greatest possible exertion, on the part of the magistrates, to keep their countenance during his appeal.

Magistrate—"Where's the defendant?"

"Mrs. Delany," exclaimed a policeman.

"Mrs. Delany," roared Tim, with a stentorian bawl.

Mrs. Delany was echoed by fifty voices without, and, in a few minutes, Mrs. Delany herself appeared, bustling through the crowd that thronged the hall, and presently placed herself by the side of our hero.

Magistrate—"What's your complaint, Reilly?"

Tim—"And, please your honor, this woman's pigs that assaulted me, an' near kilt me."

"Oh, don't mind a word he says, your worship," interrupted the widow, "for——"

Magistrate—"Silence, woman, you will be heard in your turn."

"Yis, silence, Mrs. Delany," exclaimed Tim, "you will be hard in your turn."

The serious and theatrical manner in which Tim gave utterance to this mandate was too much for the gravity of the spectators, already a little shook by his *outré* appearance, and a roar of laughter, in which the bench heartily joined, followed his words.

"Musha, thin," said Tim, "it would be much better for thim there peelers to be minding their goats, than to be laughing at an honest man—it's ugly enough they are already without making themselves more so; troth, they ought to sell themselves for tobaccy signs, half of them—"

Magistrate—"Proceed with your complaint, Sir, at once."

Tim—"I will, your honor. You must know, your worships, that I farm a taste of arable land outside the town here, and this woman is my right hand neighbour. Well, your worships, whin I used to come into the market here, to sell one little thing or another—and, maybe, to buy something, too—whin I'd go home, the crathurs of chilthers would up and tell me how Mrs. Delany's three pigs would be rootin' my little grain of platees; and whin I'd go out to the field, your worships, I'd find that the sorra a lie was there in the chilther's mouths, for sure enough my platees would be all rooted, but the sorra a pig could I lay my clutch upon. Well, your worships, I'd go in thin to Mrs. Delany, and I'd up and tell her how her pigs had mis-behaved."

"Oh, no, Mr. Reilly," interrupted the defendant, "you never told me but once."

"Tim times, Mrs. Delany, begging your pardon. And Mrs. Delany, says I, your pigs is badly edicated—

they know as much about larnin', Mrs. Delany, says I as a dauncin' master does about navigation. (Here the court was convulsed with laughter.) Well, your worships, it's how I was remarkin' that Mrs. Delany's pigs was badly larned; and, as I told her one mornin', if she didn't know how to tache her chilther better nor her pigs, they'll be a cryin' disgrace to her."

Magistrate—"What has that to do with the case?"

Tim—"I'll tell you, your worship. Last Tuesday mornin', whin I was tying some straw to cover a turf reek, the chilther come cryin' to me, that the pigs was at their ould work, rootin' my platees—up I leaps, and straight I runs to the field, and, sure enough, your worships, there they were, and their noses in clover. Hurish, hurish, muck, muck, says I; well, wid that, as soon as ever they hard me, straight they galloped towards me, and, before I could get out of the way, the biggest of them, bad manners to him, leaps up and hot me right here"—suing the action to the word, Tim stretched forth his gigantic arms, and made his enormous hands meet on his breast in full force.

It would be impossible to describe the state of the court during the delivery of Tim's *eloquent* harangue, several shed tears from the laughter.

"Oh, your worships," exclaimed Mrs. Delany, "he has *ma-lined* my pigs, for betther behaved bastes never lay upon straw; I could my little gesha of a daughter to keep them out of his pratees from the first mornin' he spoke to me, and as for striking him, your worships, the poor animals knew no betther, for they were makin' home, and he stood in the gap."

Magistrate—"You must compensate Reilly for the damage your pigs have done his potatoes."

Tim—"Oh, please your worship, I'm not lookin' for compensation, but in regard of their bad behavior, and their strikin' me, that I complain; and, Mrs. Delany," he added, turning to the widow, "if you promise to keep them out of my arable land, and tache them betther manners in future, I'll not prosecute them no farther."

This being faithfully promised, and Tim, having made another bow to the bench, and begged their "honors' pardon," for the trouble he had given them, retired amidst the laughter of the spectators, he himself, however, filled with the importance of the part he had performed, and giving sundry frowns at those gentlemen he denominated "*peelers*."

R. T.

Balbriggan.

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

THE FATA MORGANA.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the Giant's Causeway, a very extraordinary optical illusion, something similar to the phenomenon known by the name of the "*Fata Morgana*" in the straits of Reggio, between the Isle of Sicily and the coast of Calabria, is frequently observed. It is thus described by a talented writer who some time since visited the Causeway coast:—

Portrush point, which a few moments before presented a very unmeaning appearance, and was certainly the least interesting object on the coast, now assumed a most commanding aspect. A lofty mountain arose, instead of a long flat—a conical peak like Croagh Patrick, rugged rocks, with their serrated points, pierced the clouds; and instantly all this vanished, and a beautiful softly swelling wooded hill presented itself, a lofty embattled castle, a broad belt of full-grown wood, green lawns, and all the decorations of a nobleman's domain. You might conceive yourself at once transported to Plymouth harbour, and that you saw Mount Edgecombe before you; and again, as by talismanic touch, all this disappeared, and on a plain, two embattled armies seemed to oppose one another, and dense masses of troops, horse and foot, stood motionless, as if in suspense for the battle signal; and now they rushed together, and the opposing battalions closed on each other, and a loose shapeless cloud rose up, as if it were the mingled dust and smoke ascending from the conflict; and all at once the whole vision dissolved away, and the next moment nothing was seen but the low, uninteresting peninsula of Portrush.